

PUBLICATIONS
OF THE
SHARON
HISTORICAL SOCIETY
OF
SHARON, MASSACHUSETTS

NO. 2—APRIL, 1905

BOSTON
PRESS OF H. M. HIGHT
76 Summer Street
1905

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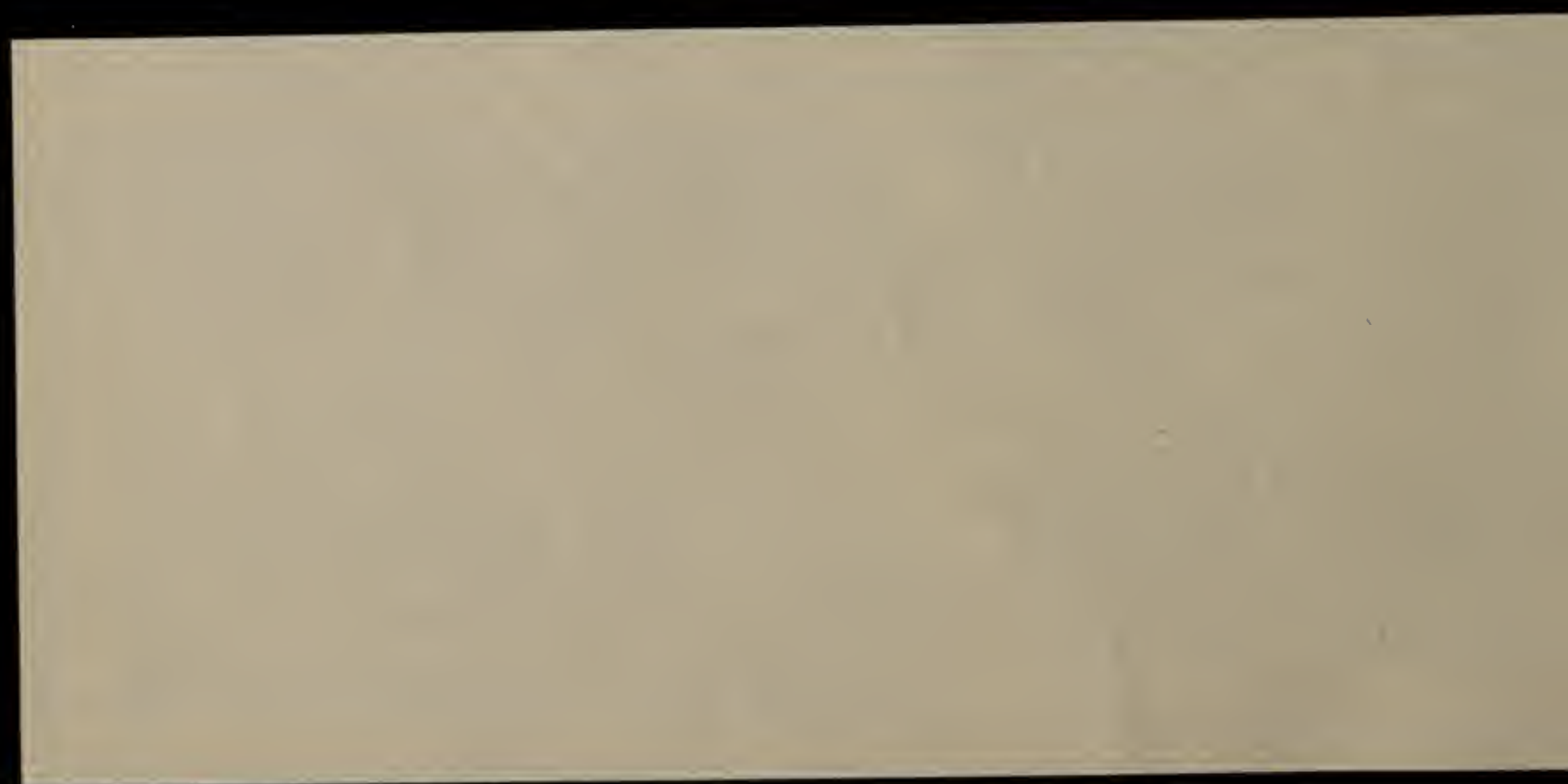
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DEBORAH SAMPSON.

Published by H. Mann, 1797.

*Compliments of
Sharon Historical Society*



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INTRODUCTION TO REPRINT.

A reprint is here given of the pamphlet published in Dedham, Massachusetts, in 1802, containing an address delivered by Mrs. Deborah Sampson Gannett of Sharon, Massachusetts. The pamphlet is now rare, and thanks are due to the Dedham Historical Society for the loan of its copy. The courtesy also is acknowledged of Miss Frances M. Mann of Dedham, for the use of the original copper plate from which was printed in 1797 the portrait of Deborah Sampson in the somewhat fanciful biography entitled "The Female Review, or Memoirs of an American Young Lady." Miss Mann is the librarian of the Dedham Public Library, and the granddaughter of Herman Mann, who wrote the Female Review.

The address was delivered by Mrs. Gannett in 1802, in many towns in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New York. It treats of her experience as a soldier of the American Revolution.

Deborah Sampson was born in Plympton, Massachusetts, December 17, 1760. Plympton is near old Plymouth, of which it was formerly a part, and Deborah's ancestors were some of the foremost Pilgrim settlers. In a note in John A. Vinton's edition of the Female Review (1866), pp. 45, etc., the descent of Deborah is traced from Abraham Sampson, Miles Standish, John Alden and William Bradford, as well as from Alice Southworth and Bathsheba Le Broche.

Under the name of Robert Shurtleff, Deborah Samp-

son enlisted in the Continental army as a soldier, and served in Capt. George Webb's Company in the 4th Massachusetts Regiment commanded by Col. Shepard, afterwards by Col. Jackson. She was wounded in an engagement at Tarrytown, New York. and was honorably discharged in the fall of 1783.

In the following spring she was married to Benjamin Gannett, the son of a patriotic citizen of Sharon, Massachusetts. Here she lived until her death, April 29, 1827, and reared a family of three children, Earl Bradford, Mary and Patience. Mary Gannett was married to Judson Gilbert and Patience Gannett to Seth Gay.

In recognition of her military service, the Massachusetts Legislature in 1792 granted her thirty-four pounds. The resolve recites "that the said Deborah exhibited an extraordinary instance of female heroism by discharging the duties of a faithful, gallant soldier, and at the same time preserving the virtue and chastity of her sex unsuspected and unblemished, and was discharged from the service with a fair and honorable character." On the 11th of March, 1805, she was allowed a pension of four dollars per month at the pension office in Washington. The pension commenced from January 1, 1803, and was increased in 1816 to \$6.40 per month. From 1819 she drew a pension of eight dollars per month during her life.

Eleven years after her death, Congress passed a special act (Statutes at Large, vol. 6, page 735), directing the secretary of the treasury to pay to the heirs of Deborah Gannett the sum of \$466.66. The committee in reporting the bill, remark: "As there cannot be a parallel case in all time to come, the committee do not hesitate to grant relief." The act reads as follows:—

Be it enacted, &c., That the Secretary of the Treasury

ERRATUM.—The reference in the text to the time of the marriage of Deborah Sampson was based on Mr. Vinton's notes in the Female Review; but the original town records of Stoughton give April 7, 1785, as the date.



be, and he is hereby, directed to pay, out of any money in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, to the heirs of Deborah Gannett, a revolutionary soldier, and late the wife of Benjamin Gannett, of Sharon, in the State of Massachusetts, now deceased, the sum of four hundred and sixty-six dollars and sixty-six cents, being an equivalent for a full pension of eighty dollars per annum, from the fourth day of March, eighteen hundred and thirty-one, to the decease of Benjamin Gannett in January, eighteen hundred and thirty-seven, as granted in certain cases to the widows of revolutionary soldiers by the act passed the fourth day of July, eighteen hundred and thirty-six, entitled "An act granting half pay to widows or orphans where their husbands or fathers have died of wounds received in the military service of the United States in certain cases, and for other purposes."

Approved July 7, 1838.

In preparing the foregoing facts concerning Deborah Sampson's military service, use has been made of the introduction to Vinton's Edition of the Female Review already referred to.

Deborah Sampson Gannett first delivered her address in the Federal Street Theatre in Boston, in March, 1802. Advertisements of the performances are found in the "Columbian Centinel," in the issues of March 20, 24 and 27. The places and times of some other deliveries of the address by her in the same year were: Providence, May 5; Worcester, July 22; Holden, July 30; Brookfield, August 9; Springfield, August 13; Northampton, August 18; Albany, August 31 and September 1; Schenectady, September 7; and Ballston Springs, September 9.

On her lecturing tour Mrs. Gannett lodged at the following places:—Robert Williams, Liberty Square, Boston; Widow Jones, Providence; Capt. John Seamons,

Wharf Lane, Newport Ferry; Herman Mann, Dedham; Capt. James Tisdale, Medfield; Jacob Miller, Worcester; Capt. George Webb, Holden; William Howes and Capt. Draper, Brookfield; Eleazer Williams ("son to Dr. Williams, formerly of Roxbury"), Springfield; Mr. Pomeroy, Northampton; Alfred Pomeroy and Mr. Whitemore, Chesterfield; Mr. Allen, Pittsfield; Capt. Keeler, Green Street, Albany; James Rogers, Schenectady; Mr. McMaster, Ballston; Capt. Ashleyeo, Troy; Mr. Booth, Hudson; Mr. Streets, Catskill; Mr. Bosticks, Easton; and Gen. John Paterson, Lisle.

The fact of the Worcester address was furnished by Hon. Alfred S. Roe of that city, who discovered in the "Massachusetts Spy" of Worcester, in its issue of July 21, 1802, the advertisement of the proposed address "in the Court House, tomorrow, at 5 o'clock P. M." The other names and dates above given, later than the Boston engagement, appear in a short diary kept by Mrs. Gannett, containing entries from May 3, 1802, to January 6, 1803. They are given here, partly with the hope that some readers may follow up a clew thus afforded, and from diaries, newspapers or family traditions may reach results of interest to be communicated to the Sharon Historical Society. For such communications the thanks of the Society will be given.

The longest entries in Mrs. Gannett's diary relate to Providence, and are as follows:—

"1802, May 3d. I took stage in Dedham. Rode to Providence in company with Mr. William Billings and lady. This polite gentleman and lady showed every mark of genuine friendship. They invited me to take tea with them at our arrival. I informed these generous people of my wishes in making a public appearance, either in Mr. Amidon's hall or in the theatre. Mr. B. informed me that

he wished to do everything that lay in his power to assist me, and appeared to be much pleased in reading the bill of my performance in the theatre at Boston.

“I conveyed my letters of recommendation to Mr. Wheeler, and this gentleman—Mr. Wheeler—came immediately, and he advised me to perform in Mr. Amidon’s hall; and finally I gave him my bill of the performance in Boston. He printed my bill, and they were set up in the most public places in the town, and Wednesday evening was to be the first of my performance. But I was quite unfortunate, indeed, for I was taken quite unwell, and of course was obliged to postpone my exhibition until Thursday evening.

“May 5. When I entered the hall, I must say I was much pleased at the appearance of the audience. It appeared from almost every countenance that they were full of unbelief—I mean in regard to my being the person that served in the revolutionary army.

“Some of them which I happened to overhear swore that I was a lad of not more than eighteen years of age. I sat some time in my chair before I rose to deliver my address. When I did, I think I may with much candor applaud the people for their serious attention and peculiar respect, especially the ladies.”

The animated, flowing style and love of incident displayed in the foregoing extracts make one wish that Mrs. Gannett had penned her own address, and not “procured” it to be written, as stated in her editor’s introduction.

In the Albany Register for August 31, 1802, was the following notice, a copy of which was furnished by Miss May Childs Nerney, who is in charge of the history division of the State Library in Albany.

“MRS. GANNET’S EXHIBITION

“The ladies and gentlemen of Albany and its vicinity are respectfully informed that Mrs. Gannet, the celebrated American Heroine, who served nearly three years with great reputation in our Revolutionary Army, will, at the request of a number of respectable characters, deliver an Address to the inhabitants of this city and vicinity, in the Court House, this evening at ½ past seven o’clock.

“Tickets may be had at the Court House from 5 o’clock till the performance begins. Price 25 cents, children half price.

“Albany, August 31, 1802.”

Under the caption of “My Expense in Albany” are the following bills in the diary, which show the curious detail work of the lecturer:—

	D. c.
“To old key keeper.....	2 00
To Mr. Barber for printing.....	3 00
To Mr. Lester for filling blank and finding candles	1 34
To Mr. Giles for attendance.....	2 67
To sweeping the court house.....	0 48
For cleaning the candle sticks.....	0 20
For brushing the seats.....	0 17
For the dressing my hair, 2 even.....	1 00
To boarding.....	6 00
To washing.....	1 34”

Mrs. Gannett visited her captain (George Webb) in Holden, near Worcester, where she staid three weeks. She also visited her general (John Paterson) in Lisle, New York, where she staid a month. Of the latter visit she says:—“November 11 [1802] I arrived at Judge Paterson’s at Lisle. This respectable family treated me with

every mark of distinction and friendship, and likewise all the people did the same. I really want for words to express my gratitude. They often met together in the neighborhood and had the most social meetings. They seemed to unite in hearty congratulations with my old friend, Judge Paterson, on our happy meeting."

As General Paterson, now Judge Paterson, was a member of Congress, 1803 to 1805, and as Mrs. Gannett's pension was obtained in 1805 and ran from 1803, it would seem probable that he had a hand in procuring it. If so, it was a good pecuniary result of her lecturing venture. She also obtained from her lectures enough money to enable her to forward some to Sharon, "which I hope," she writes, "my family will make a good use of."

Concerning the contents of the address, it must be admitted that it contains little narrative, being largely apologetic. The speaker alludes to adverse criticism of her act in enlisting as a soldier, which she owns to be an act of presumption. But she had pondered on the injustice of the war, and wished to be an avenger. Seizing an opportunity, she enlisted, and then determined to stay to the end. A few scenes of the war are named. Of the engagement of White Plains, she says: "I was there." The motive that caused her to enlist is referred to, which she seems to decide by attributing it to her fate. If a man had done it, he would have achieved immortal glory and fame. But she was a woman, and so contents herself with claiming her hearers' indulgence, as she is conscious of the approbation of God. She closes the address with expressing her high respect for her own sex—a respect increased by her rough experience.

To make the reprint more exact, the spelling of the original is preserved, such as the careless omission of a letter in the word "ADDRSS" on the title page. This

particular mistake was afterwards corrected, as is shown in another copy.

The lecturing tour of Deborah Sampson Gannett in 1802 forms a most interesting chapter in her life, as it shows her to be a pioneer in this field. It may be difficult to name a woman before her time who earned money by travelling alone from town to town, attending to her own business details and delivering an address. The writers of her career, however, have scarcely touched upon this subject. The first public notice of Mrs. Gannett as a lecturer appears to have been taken in her own town of Sharon, April 3, 1902, at a banquet in the town hall commemorative of the centenary of the event. On this occasion, after-dinner speeches were made by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore of Melrose, Hon. Alfred S. Roe of Worcester, Mrs. Myra B. Hatch of Whitman, Edmund H. Talbot and Rev. Almon J. Dyer of Sharon. Frank E. Burbank of Sharon read an address written by Rev. A. A. Berle, D. D., now of Salem. Selections from Mrs. Gannett's diary were read by Mrs. Susan G. Moody, a great-granddaughter, who resides in the old homestead.

The house where Deborah Sampson Gannett lived, somewhat changed, still stands in good preservation on East street, a mile from Sharon village, and her grave is in Rockridge cemetery, on the same street, one mile south-westerly from the house. A street near by is named Deborah Sampson street. Many of her descendants reside in Sharon and the adjoining towns. The honored name of their ancestress is often pronounced, and visits are often made to her home and her grave. A new tribute to the memory of Mrs. Gannett will appear on the soldiers' monument soon to be erected a short distance from her grave, from funds bequeathed for the purpose in the will of her grandson, George Washington Gay, late of Sharon.

He was son of Seth and Patience Gay above mentioned. After providing for the monument, the testator says: "I further request to have the name Deborah Sampson Gannett, with proper reference to her service in the war of the revolution, inscribed on the same memorial stone."

EUGENE TAPPAN.

Sharon, April, 1905.

A N
A D D R S S,

DELIVERED WITH APPLAUSE,

AT THE *FEDERAL-STREET THEATRE*, BOSTON,
FOUR SUCCESSIVE NIGHTS OF THE DIFFERENT
PLAYS, BEGINNING *MARCH 22, 1802*;

AND AFTER, AT OTHER PRINCIPAL TOWNS, A
NUMBER OF NIGHTS SUCCESSIVELY
AT EACH PLACE;

BY MRS. DEBORAH GANNET,

THE AMERICAN HEROINE,

*Who served three years with reputation (undiscovered as a
Female) in the late AMERICAN ARMY.*

PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE AUDIENCES.

Copy Right Secured.

Dedham :

PRINTED *and* SOLD by H. MANN, *for* Mrs. GANNET,
at the MINERVA OFFICE,—1802.

Two Important
Massachusetts Items

N a h a n t

**Deborah
Sampson**

NAHANT

An Historical Address

Delivered at the Celebration of the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Incorporation of the Town of Nahant, July 14, 1903

By

HENRY CABOT LODGE

With a Map of Nahant, 1853

8vo, Boards

Price, \$1.25 net ; by mail \$1.30



¶ Only a few copies for sale

¶ Printed by *Updike*, at *The Merrymount Press*, Boston, Massachusetts

W. A. BUTTERFIELD

59 Bromfield Street, Boston, Massachusetts



THE historical address delivered by the junior senator from Massachusetts upon the fiftieth anniversary of his own town of Nahant, was one which justified, in the amplest sense, the orator and the theme. It made that address a part of Nahant's history, and to those who are yet to become speakers at anniversary celebrations, it points the way toward a rational excuse for speaking, and may well serve as a model.

The address is not only an historical contribution of value, but a philosophical discourse worthy of the scholar in or out of politics.

— *Boston Transcript.*



DEBORAH SAMPSON

An Address

Delivered in 1802 in various towns in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and New York, by Mrs. Deborah Sampson Gannett, of Sharon, Massachusetts, a soldier of the American Revolution

Reprinted with an introduction by
EUGENE TAPPAN,
Secretary of the Sharon Historical Society

Containing a portrait from the original copper, engraved by Graham, in 1797

8vo, Boards

Leather back

Price, 75 cents net ; by mail 80 cents



¶ Deborah Sampson enlisted in the Continental Army under the name of Robert Shurtleff, and served in the 4th Massachusetts Regiment until she was wounded at Tarrytown and honorably discharged in the fall of 1783, having served three years

W. A. BUTTERFIELD

59 Bromfield Street, Boston, Massachusetts

INTRODUCTION.

THE character and achievements of Mrs. GANNETT, late DEBORAH SAMPSON, the American Heroine, have excited much curiosity in the United States. At the close of the revolution, she retired to an obscure part of Massachusetts, selected, or rather was selected, a partner of an industrious farmer. From her Memoirs, since published, and the best, nearest information, she continues to support, with reputation, the offices of Wife, Mother and Friend—affable in her disposition, courteous in her manners, and universally benevolent.

IT is from her naturally ambitious disposition, and taste for a more elevated stile of life, that she is induced to re-visit some of the principal places, which were the theatre of her personating the soldier—to appear in public, to open the eyes of the incredulous, and to wipe off any aspersions, which the whispers of satire, caprice, or malevolence may have wantonly thrown upon her.

THIS resolution being communicated to a number of respectable Characters, she received invitations from them, to make her appearance on the Boston Theatre, and to give a recital of some of the principal traits of her life. This proposal caught both her fancy and her wishes, honorably to enhance the pecuniary interest of her family; which she is said industriously to economize.

SHE accordingly procured the following, which she remarkably soon committed, verbatim, to memory, except an ad-

dition since of about three pages. Under the superintendence of Messrs. POWELL and HARPER, she was ushered on to the Stage in a very polite manner; where, before a crouded assembly, perfectly unabashed, she very audibly recited her naration. In the Manual Exercise, being in complete uniform, and during the Soldier's Festival, she acquitted herself with peculiar ease and grace.—An attendant has since introduced her to the Audience by the following

Prospectus.

*Ye Guardian FRIENDS of LIBERTY and PEACE,
Our surest hope of merit, power, increase,
Mark here those traits so rare in Female's name;
She does not speak, nor do I write, for fame.
Her boldest claim is simple, gen'ine Truth;
Her humblest plea is for her Sex and Youth.
May not base calumny her deeds supplant;
Your Patronage as from a Parent, grant.—
E'en Britain's Fair, though proud, this truth must own—
When Liberty's at stake, a FEMALE storms the Throne!*

ADDRESS.

NOT unlike the example of the patriot and philanthropist, though perhaps perfectly so in effect, do I awake from the tranquil slumbers of retirement, to active, public scenes of life, like those which now surround me. That genius which is the prompter of *curiosity*, and that spirit which is the support of *enterprize*, early drove, or, rather illured me, from the corner of humble obscurity—their cheering aspect has again prevented a torpid rest.

SECONDARY to these are the solicitations of a number of worthy characters and friends, too persuasive and congenial with my own disposition to be answered with indifference, or to be rejected, have induced me thus to advance and bow submissive to an audience, simply and concisely to rehearse a *tale of truth*; which, though it took its rise, and finally terminated in the splendor of public life, I was determined to repeat only as the soliloquy of a hermit, or to the visionary phantoms, which hover through the glooms of solitude.

A TALE—the truth of which I was ready to say, but which, perhaps, others have already said for me, ought to expel me from the enjoyment of society, from

the acknowledgment of my own sex, and from the endearing friendship of the other. But this, I venture to pronounce, would be saying too much: For as I should thus not respect *myself*, should be entitled to none from *others*.

I INDEED recollect it as a foible, an error and presumption, into which, perhaps, I have too inadvertantly and precipitately run; but which I now retrospect with anguish and amazement—recollect it, as a THOMSON, or any other moralizing naturalist, susceptible to the like fine feelings of nature, recollects the howling blasts of *winter*, at a period when *Flora* has strewed the earth with all her profusion of delicacies, and whose zephyrs are wasting their fragrance to heighten our sensations of tranquility and pleasure;—or, rather, perhaps, I ought to recollect it, as a mariner, having regained his native shore of serenity and peace, looks back on the stormy billows which, so long and so constantly had threatened to ingulph him in the bowels of the deep! And yet I must frankly confess, I recollect it with a kind of satisfaction, which no one can better conceive and enjoy than him, who, recollecting the *good intentions* of a *bad deed*, lives to see and to correct any indecorum of his life.

BUT without further preliminary apologies, yet with every due respect towards this brilliant and polite circle, I hasten to a review of the most conspicuous parts of that path, which led to achievements, which some have believed, but which many still doubt. Their accomplishment once seemed to me as impossible, as that I am

author of them, is now incredible to the incredulous, or wounding to the ear of more refined delicacy and taste. They are a breach in the decorum of my sex, unquestionably; and, perhaps, too unfortunately ever irreconcilable with the rigid maxims of the moralist; and a sacrifice, which, while it may seem perfectly incompatible with the requirements of virtue—and which of course must ring discord in the ear, and disgust to the bosom of sensibility and refinement, I must be content to leave to time and the most scrutinizing enquiry to disclose.

UNLETTERED in any scholastic school of erudition, you will not expect, on this occasion, the entertainment of the soft and captivating sounds of eloquence; but rather a narration of facts in a mode as uncouth as they are unnatural. *Facts*—which, though I once experienced, and of which memory has ever been painfully retentive, I cannot now make you feel, or paint to the life.

KNOW then, that my juvenile mind early became inquisitive to understand—not merely whether the principles, or rather the seeds of *war* are analagous to the genuine nature of *man*—not merely to know why he should forego every trait of *humanity*, and to assume the character of a *brute*; or, in plainer language, why he should march out tranquilly, or in a paroxism of rage against his fellow-man, to butcher, or be butchered?—for these, alas! were too soon horribly verified by the massacres in our streets, in the very streets which encompass this edifice—in yonder adjacent villas,* on yonder

*LEXINGTON, and the adjacent towns and hamlets, when the British marched out of Boston to destroy the military stores at Concord.

memorable eminence,* where now stand living monuments of the atrocious, the heart-distracting, mementous scenes, that followed in rapid succession!

THIS I am ready to affirm, though it may be deemed unnatural in my sex, is not a demoralization of human nature. The sluices, both of the blood of *freemen* and of *slaves*, were first opened here. And those hills and vallies, once the favorite resort, both of the lover and philosopher, have been drunk with their blood! A new subject was then opened to the most pathetic imagination, and to the rousing of every latent spark of humanity, one should think, in the bosoms of the *wolves*, as well as in those of the *sheep*, for whose blood they were so thirsty.

BUT most of all, my mind became agitated with the enquiry—why a nation, separated from us by an ocean more than three thousand miles in extent, should endeavor to enforce on us plans of subjugation, the most unnatural in themselves, unjust, inhuman, in their operations, and unpractised even by the uncivilized savages of the wilderness? Perhaps nothing but the critical juncture of the times could have excused such a philosophical disquisition of politics in woman, notwithstanding it was a theme of universal speculation and concern to man. We indeed originated from her, as from a parent, and had, perhaps, continued to this period in subjection to her mandates, had we not discovered, that this, her romantic, avaricious and cruel disposition extended to *murder*, after having bound the *slave*!

*BREED'S HILL—*wrongly called Bunker Hill.*

CONFIRMED by this time in the justness of a defensive war on the one side, from the most aggravated one on the other—my mind ripened with my strength; and while our beds and our roses were sprinkled with the blood of indiscriminate youth, beauty, innocence and decrepit old age, I only seemed to want the *license* to become one of the severest *avengers* of the wrong.

FOR several years I looked on these scenes of havoc, rapacity and devastation, as one looks on a drowning man, on the conflagration of a city—where are not only centered his coffers of gold, but with them his choicest hopes, friends, companions, his all—without being able to extend the rescuing hand to either.

WROUGHT upon at length, you may say, by an enthusiasm and phrenzy, that could brook no control—I burst the tyrant bands, which *held my sex in awe*, and clandestinely, or by stealth, grasped an opportunity, which custom and the world seemed to deny, as a natural privilege. And whilst poverty, hunger, nakedness, cold and disease had dwindled the *American Armies* to a handful—whilst universal terror and dismay ran through our camps, ran through our country—while even WASHINGTON himself, at their head, though like a god, stood, as it were, on a pinnacle tottering over the abyss of destruction, the last prelude to our falling a wretched prey to the yawning jaws of the monster aiming to devour—not merely for the sake of gratifying a fecetious curiosity, like that of my reputed Predecessor, in her romantic excursions through the garden of bliss—did I throw off the soft habiliments of *my sex*,

and assume those of the *warrior*, already prepared for battle.

THUS I became an actor in that important drama, with an inflexible resolution to persevere through the last scene; when we might be permitted and acknowledged to enjoy what we had so nobly declared we would possess, or lose with our lives—FREEDOM and INDEPENDENCE!—When the philosopher might resume his researches unmolested—the statesman be disembarrassed by his distracting theme of national politics—the divine find less occasion to invoke the indignation of heaven on the usurpers and cannibals of the inherent rights and even existence of man—when the son should again be restored to the arms of his disconsolate parent, and the lover to the bosom of her, for whom indeed he is willing to jeopard his life, and for whom alone he wishes to live!

A NEW scene, and, as it were, a new world now opened to my view; the objects of which now seemed as important, as the transition before seemed unnatural. It would, however, here be a weakness in me to mention the tear of repentance, or of that of temerity, from which the stoutest of my sex are, or ought not to be, wholly exempt on extreme emergencies, which many times involuntarily stole into my eye, and fell unheeded to the ground: And that too before I had reached the embattled field, the ramparts, which protected its internal resources—which shielded youth, beauty, and the delicacy of that sex at home, which perhaps I had forfeited in turning volunteer in their defence. *Temeritis*—when

reflections on my former situation, and this new kind of being, were daggers more frightful, than all the implements of war—when the rustling of every leaf was an omen of danger, the whisper of each wind, a tale of woe! If then the poignancy of thought stared me thus haggardly in the face, found its way to the inmost recesses of my heart, thus forcibly, in the commencement of my career—what must I not have anticipated before its close!

THE curtain is now up—a scene opens to your view; but the objects strike your attention less forcibly, and less interestingly, than they then did, not only my own eyes, but every energetic sensation of my soul. What shall I say further? Shall I not stop short, and leave to your imaginations to pourtray the tragic deeds of war? Is it not enough, that I here leave it even to unexperience to fancy the hardships, the anxieties, the dangers, even of the best life of a soldier? And were it not improper, were it not unsafe, were it not indelicate, and were I certain I should be intitled to a pardon, I would appeal to the soft bosom of my own sex to draw a parallel between the perils and sexual inconveniences of a girl in her teens, and not only in the armour, but in the capacity, at any rate, obliged to perform the duties in the field—and those who go to the camp without a masquerade, and consequently subject only to what toils and sacrifices they please: Or, will a conclusion be more natural from those who sometimes take occasion to complain by their own domestic fire-sides; but who, indeed, are at the same time in affluence, cherished in the arms of their companions, and sheltered from the storms of war by the rougher sex in arms?

MANY have seen, and many can contemplate, in the field of imagination, battles and victories amidst garments rolled in blood: but it is only one of my own sex, exposed to the storm, who can conceive of my situation.

WE have all heard of, many have doubtless seen, the meteor streaming through or breaking in the horizon—the terrific glare of the comet, in its approach towards, or in its declension from us, in its excentric orbit—the howling of a tempest—the electric fluid, which darts majesty and terror through the clouds—its explosion and tremendous effects!—BOSTONIANS, and you who inhabit its environs, you who have known from experience your houses and your hills tremble from the cannonade of *Charlestown*,—your ears are yet wounded by the shrieks of her mangled and her distressed—your eyes swimming in a deluge of anguish at the sight of our butchered, expiring relatives and friends; while the conflagration of the town added the last solemnity to the scene!

THIS idea must assimilate with the progress of this horrid delusion of war. Hence you can behold the parched soil of *White-Plains* drink insatiate the blood of her most peaceful and industrious proprietors—of *freemen*, and of *slaves*! I was there! The recollection makes me shudder!—A dislocated limb draws fresh anguish from my heart!

YOU may have heard the thunderings of a volcano—you may have contemplated, with astonishment and wonder, the burial of a city by its eruption. Your ears

then are yet deafened from the thunderings of the invasion of *York Town*—your eyes dazzled, your imaginations awfully sublimed, by the fire which belched from its environs, and towered, like that from an eruption of *Etna*, to the clouds! Your hearts yet bleed, from every principle of humanity, at the recollection of the havoc, carnage and death that reigned there!

THREE successive weeks, after a long and rapid march, found me amidst this storm.—But, happy for AMERICA, happy for EUROPE, perhaps for the WORLD, when, on the delivery of CORNWALLIS'S sword to the illustrious, the immortal WASHINGTON, or rather by his order, to the brave LINCOLN, the sun of *Liberty* and *Independence* burst through a sable cloud, and his benign influence was, almost instantaneously, felt in our remotest corners! The phalanx of war was thus broken through, and the palladium of peace blossoming on its ruins.

I WILL not hence urge you to retrace with me (tranquilly you surely cannot) all the footsteps of our valient heroic LEADERS through the distraction both of elements and of war. I will not even pourtray an attempt to reinforce the brave SCHUYLER, then on the borders of Canada; where, if the *war-whoop* of infernals should not strike you with dismay, the *tommahawk* would soon follow!

NOR need I point you to the death-like doors of the hospital in Philadelphia, whose avenues were crouded

with the sick, the dying and the dead; though myself made one of the unhappy croud!

You have now but the shade of a picture; which neither time nor my abilities will permit me to show you to the life. The haggard fiend, despair, may have stared you in the face, when giving over the pursuit of a favorite, lost child: And it is only in this torture of suspense that we can rightly conceive of its situation.

SUCH is my experience—not that I ever mourned the loss of a child, but that I considered myself as lost! For, on the one hand, if I fell not a victim to the infuriate rabble of a mob, or of a war not yet fully terminated—a disclosure of my peculiar situation seemed infinitely worse than either. And if from stratagem and perseverance, I may acquire as great knowledge in every respect as I have of myself in this, my knowledge, at least of human nature, will be as complete as it is useful.

BUT we will now hasten from the field, from the embattled entrenchments, built for the destruction of man, from a long, desolating war, to contemplate more desirable and delightful scenes. And notwithstanding curiosity may prompt any to retrace the climax of our revolution, the means, under a smiling, superintending providence, by which we have outrode the storms of danger and distress—what heart will forget to expand with joy and gratitude, to beat in unison, at the propitious recollection? And I enquire, what infant tongue can ever forget or cease being taught to lisp the praises of WASHINGTON, and those of that bright constella-

tion of WORTHIES, who swell the list of COLUMBIAN fame—those, by whose martial skill and philanthropic labors, we were first led to behold, after a long and stormy night, the smiling sun of *Peace* burst on our benighted WORLD! And while we drop a tear over the flowery turf of those patriots and sages, may she unrivalled enjoy and encrease her present bright sunshine of happiness! May agriculture and commerce, industry and manufactures, arts and sciences, virtue and decorum, union and harmony—those richest sources of our worth, and strongest pillars of our strength, become stationary, like fixed stars in the firmament, to flourish in her clime!

Hail dearest LIBERTY! thou source sublime!
What rays refulgent dart upon our clime!
For thee the direful contest has been waged,
Our hope, and all that life held dear engaged.
Thee the prime offspring which my thoughts employ,
Once sought with grief—now turns that grief to joy.
Your beatific influence extend
O'er AFRICA, whose sable race befriend.
May EUROPE, as our sister-empire, join,
To hail thee rising with your power divine,
From the lone cottage to the tyrant's throne,
May LIBERTY, ethereal guest, be known!
Be thou preserved for nations yet unborn,
Fair as the shining Star that decks the morn.

BUT the question again returns—*What particular inducement could she have thus to elope from the soft sphere of her own sex, to perform a deed of valor by way of sacrilege on unhallowed ground—voluntarily to face the storms both of elements and war, in the character of*

him, who is more fitly made to brave and endure all danger?

AND dost thou ask what fairy hand inspired
A *Nymph* to be with martial glory fired?
Or, what from art, or yet from nature's laws,
Has join'd a *Female* to her country's cause?
Why on great Mars's theatre she drew
Her *female* pourtrait, though in soldier's hue?

THEN ask—why *Cincinnatus* left his farm?
Why science did old PLATO's bosom warm?
Why HECTOR in the Trojan war should dare?
Or why should HOMER trace his actions there?
Why NEWTON in philosophy has shown?
Or CHARLES, for solitude, has left his throne?
Why LOCKE in metaphysics should delight—
Precisian sage, to set false reason right?
Why ALBION'S SONS should kindle up a war?
Why JOVE or VULCAN hurried on the car?
Perhaps the same propensity you use,
Has prompted her a martial course to choose.
Perhaps to gain refinements where she could,
This rare achievement for her country's good.
Or was some hapless *lover* from her torn—
As EMMA did her valient HAMMON mourn?
Else he must tell, who would this truth attain,
Why one is formed for pleasure—one for pain:
Or, boldly, why our MAKER made us such—
Why *here* he gives too *little*—*there* too *much*!

I WOULD not purposely evade a a pertinent answer;
and yet I know not, at present, how to give a more particular one than has already been suggested.

I AM indeed willing to acknowledge what I have done, an error and presumption. I will call it an *error*

and *presumption*, because I swerved from the accustomed flowry paths of *female delicacy*, to walk upon the heroic precipice of feminine perdition!—I indeed left my morning pillow of roses, to prepare a couch of brambles for the night; and yet I awoke from this refreshed, to gather nought but the thorns of anguish for the next night's repose—and in the precipitancy of passion, to prepare a moment for repentance at leisure!

HAD all this been achieved by the rougher hand, more properly assigned to wield the sword in duty and danger in a defensive war, the most cruel in its measures, though important in its consequences; these thorns might have been converted into wreaths of immortal glory and fame. I therefore yield every claim of honor and distinction to the hero and patriot, who met the foe in his own name; though not with more heartfelt satisfaction, with the trophies, which were most to redound to the future grandeur and importance of the country in which he lives.

BUT *repentance* is a sweet solace to conscience, as well as the most complete atonement to the Supreme JUDGE of our offences: notwithstanding the tongue of malevolence and scurrility may be continually preparing its most poisonous ingredients for the punishment of a crime which has already received more than half a pardon.

YET if even this be deemed too much of an extenuation of a breach in the modesty of the *female world*—humilized and contented will I sit down inglorious, for

having unfortunately performed an important part assigned for another—like a bewildered star traversing out of its accustomed orbit, whose twinkling beauty at most has become totally obscured in the presence of the sun.

BUT as the rays of the sun strike the eye with the greatest lustre when emerging from a thick fog, and as those actions which have for their objects the extended hand of charity to the indigent and wretched—to restore a bewildered traveller to light—and, to reform in ourselves any irregular and forlorn course of life; so, allowing myself to be one or the greatest of these, do I still hope for some claim on the indulgence and patronage of the public; as in such case I might be conscious of the approbation of my God.

I CANNOT, contentedly, quit this subject or this place, without expressing, more emphatically, my high respect and veneration for my own SEX. The indulgence of this respectable circle supercedes my merit, as well as my most sanguine expectations. You receive at least in return my warmest gratitude. And though you can neither have, or perhaps need, from me the instructions of the sage, or the advice of the counsellor; you surely will not be wholly indifferent to my most sincere declaration of friendship for that sex, for which this checkered flight of my life may have rendered me the least ornamental example; but which, neither in adversity or prosperity, could I ever learn to forget or degrade.

I TAKE it to be from the greatest extremes both

in virtue and in vice, that the uniformly virtuous and reformed in life can derive the greatest and most salutary truths and impressions.—Who, for example, can contemplate for a moment, the *prodigal*—from the time of his revelry with harlots, to that of his eating husks with swine, and to his final return to his father—without the greatest emotion of disgust, pity and joy? And is it possible to behold the effects of the unprincipled conduct of the *libertine*, the *bacchanalian*, the *debauchee*, and what is more wretched of all, of the emaciated, haggard form of a modern *baggage* in the streets, without bringing into exercise every passion of abhorrence and commiseration? And yet, happy, those, who at the same time receive a monitor which fixes a resolve, never to embark on such a sea of perdition; where we see shipwreck of all that is enobling to the dignity of *man*—all that is lovely and amiable in the character of *woman*!

I CANNOT, indeed bring the adventures, even of the worst part of my own life, as parallels with this black catalogue of crimes. But in whatever I may be thought to have been unnatural, unwise and indelicate, it is now my most fervent desire it may have a suitable impression on you—and on me, a penitent for every wrong thought and step. The rank you hold in the scale of beings is, in many respects, superior to that of man. *Nurses* of his growth, and invariable models of his habits, he becomes a suppliant at your shrine, emulous to please, assiduous to cherish and support, to live and to die for you! *Blossoms* from your very birth, you become his admiration, his joy, his eden companions in

this world.—How important then is it, that these *blossoms* bring forth such *fruit*, as will best secure your own delights and felicity, and those of him, whose every enjoyment, and even his very existence, is so peculiarly interwoven with your own!

ON the whole, as we readily acquiesce in the acknowledgment, that the *field* and the *cabinet* are the proper spheres assigned to our MASTERS and our LORDS; may *we*, also, deserve the dignified title and encomium of MISTRESS and LADY, in our *kitchens* and in our *parlours*. And as an overruling providence may succeed our wishes—let us rear an offspring in every respect worthy to fill the most illustrious stations of their predecessors.



HISTORICAL SOCIETY GATHERINGS.

April 19, 1904. At the invitation of the Canton Historical Society, some members of the Sharon Society and of the Stoughton Society joined in a Patriot's Day outing. The forenoon was spent in a walk down Billings street and East street to Rockridge cemetery, and thence to McElroy's grove near Massapoag pond. Here a lunch was served and the company then walked through Gun House street to take the electric car homeward on South Main street. Remarks were made by Eugene Tappan at the site of Gen. Benjamin Tupper's birthplace, and by Solomon Talbot at the supposed grave of Edmund Quincy. The day was warm, but in the evening a small blizzard covered the ground with one or two inches of snow.

April 28, 1904. Quarterly meeting of the Society. Vice President D. Webster Pettee in the chair. Twenty-five new members joined. The by-laws were so changed as to hold the summer meeting on the Thursday of Old Home Week, and also to create the office of auditor. Annual reports were received, and the annual election of officers took place. The first publication of the Society was distributed, consisting of a pamphlet of 36 pages, entitled "Publications of the Sharon Historical Society of Sharon, Massachusetts, No. 1, April, 1904."

Its leading article is "Annals of Sharon, by Jeremiah Gould, 1830." William R. Mann read a paper giving reminiscences of Sharon, 1831-1850. James N. Pringle read a communication to the Society from President John G. Phillips about an Italian passenger whom he met on his voyage to Europe. Tea was served at the social half hour.

April 30, 1904. The Corresponding Secretary attended, as delegate, a meeting of the Bay State Historical League at 12 Somerset street, Boston.

June 4, 1904. Several members attended the outing of the Bay State Historical League at Lexington. An address was delivered in the Unitarian Church by Prof. Hart of Harvard College. Rev. C. A. Staples escorted the assembly over the Common and to the house of the Lexington Historical Society, and explained matters of interest.

Aug. 4, 1904. Old Home Week, outing in the forenoon to Moose Hill. Forty-five persons were in the party, having 7 carriages besides a barge. An abandoned burial ground (Lothrop) was examined. At the cellar of the old Morse house, Henry F. Talbot read a description of the place, and of the Smith place on Moose Hill, written by Solomon Talbot. Leonard Billings came out on to his piazza at the foot of the hill and played on a violin manufactured by himself.

In the evening, the quarterly meeting was held in the upper Town Hall. Vice-President D. Webster Pettee in the chair. Sixteen new members joined. Resolutions were passed on the deaths of two members, Frederick L. Holbrook, who died June 16th, and William Oscar

Arnold, who died July 18th. Henry F. Talbot read a description of old Sharon homesteads written by his father, Solomon Talbot. Miss Elmira S. Winship read a paper written by her mother, Mrs. Adaliza A. (Johnson) Winship, entitled "Trip over Moose Hill Road." Both writers were in the audience. Rev. T. Frank Waters, President of the Ipswich Historical Society, delivered an address on the value of an historical society. Music was furnished by Keach's orchestra of Boston.

September 22, 1904. The officers of the Society called in the evening upon Vice-President Solomon Talbot, at his house on Maskwonicut Street, to congratulate him on reaching the age of ninety years. Timothy F. Quinn made an address presenting a Doulton ware pitcher marked "Solomon Talbot, 1904." On the side is a picture of a vessel sailing, and Mr. Quinn referred to Mr. Talbot's still being at the helm. Response was made by Mr. Talbot, who afterwards spoke about the ancient families of the town. Refreshments were served by the ladies of the family.

October 27, 1904. Quarterly meeting of the Society in the upper Town Hall. President John G. Phillips in the chair. Fourteen new members joined. A resolution was passed on the death of a member, Mrs. Eunice L. Gay, who died September 5th, aged 86 years, 9 months, 19 days. During the intermission, Eugene Tappan, addressed the President in a congratulatory manner on his return home with his family from a prolonged visit in Europe, at the close presenting him with a gavel made from the newel post of the staircase in the house of his birth. Mr. Phillips responded in a

feeling manner, and testified to his joy in once more being present with his friends in Sharon.

Rev. Anson Titus of Somerville, delivered an address on Old Provincial days with especial reference to Madam Sarah Knight of Boston, who 200 years ago rode on horseback through Sharon and lodged at Ebenezer Billings's tavern on her trip from Boston to New York. Singing was furnished by a double quartet with Cassius C. Stearns, director, who rendered "Ode on Science," "Invitation" and "Keller's American Hymn."

January 18, 1905. By invitation of the Somerville Historical Society, the Corresponding Secretary attended a meeting of that Society, in the Oliver Tufts house on Sycamore street, and spoke of the work being done by the Sharon Society.

January 26, 1905. Quarterly meeting of the Society. President John G. Phillips in the chair. Tea was served, with music by Everett C. Stanton, pianist, and Robert Tappan on the mandolin. Seven new members joined. John G. Phillips delivered an address on Pole Plain, an ancient name for the vicinity, giving some reasons for referring the origin of the term to connection with William Pole and his sister Elizabeth Pole, early settlers in Dorchester and later in Taunton. A short discussion followed. There had been a blizzard the previous day with cold and drifts of snow. Thirty-three persons, however, attended the meeting. A gift presented by Charles E. Hall was explained by the president, being a section of wall paper taken from the Capen house on Massapoag street. The paper on which the design was printed proved to be

sheets of an ancient French pamphlet. All the meetings of the year were closed with singing "Auld Lang Syne."

February 25, 1905. The President attended a meeting of the Bay State Historical League at 12 Somerset street, Boston.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES.

The plan of an historical scrap book was explained in Publications No. 1 of the Society, and 31 contributions were there acknowledged. Thirty of these with additional articles have been substantially bound in half morocco, making a book $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $10\frac{7}{8}$ inches, and $\frac{3}{4}$ inch thick. The additional articles are,—

Philip Curtis's Firewood	-	-	-	-	Clara E. Curtis
Sharon Hydraulic Water Works	-	-	-	-	Charles S. Curtis
My early school days at North Sharon	-	-	-	-	Amanda M. Eddy
Trip to Sharon after forty years	-	-	-	-	George F. Leonard
The Tisdales of Easton and others	-	-	-	-	Loring W. Puffer
Uncle Daniel Fuller	-	-	-	-	Catherine A. Shedd
Sharon Land Owners in 1798	-	-	-	-	Eugene Tappan
Drawing of a Sharon front door	-	-	-	-	Robert Tappan
First acquaintance with Sharon	-	-	-	-	Rufus B. Tobey
A little Rebellion history	-	-	-	-	George H. Whittemore
Trip over Moose Hill road	-	-	-	-	Adaliza A. (Johnson) Winship
Our Calendar, Baptist Church	-	-	-	-	Emma A. Baker
How they earned the Dollar	-	-	-	-	Eliza L. White
First Episcopalian service in Sharon	-	-	-	-	William W. Doherty
Massapoag Pond in Lunenburg	-	-	-	-	William H. Putnam

An index is added containing 500 names of persons besides other references. The book is entitled "Scrap Book, Volume 1." Volume 2 is nearly ready, and a

table of its contents will be given in the next number of the Publications.

In continuation of the purpose of the Society to encourage the practice of getting acquainted with the historic and natural features of Sharon, an Outing Committee has been appointed consisting of the following gentlemen:—Col. Edmund H. Hewins, chairman, A. Alden Carpenter, Charles S. Curtis, Benjamin Reynolds, and Henry F. Talbot.

The Society considers Old Home week to be an ideal occasion for holding one of its quarterly meetings. This week in Massachusetts is appointed by statute law to commence on the last Sunday of July in every year. The next quarterly meeting of the Sharon Society will be held on Thursday evening of that week, August 3, 1905, in the town hall. An outing will also be taken during the same week.

Other meetings of the Society will be held October 26, 1905, January 25 and April 26, 1906. As the next January meeting falls on the anniversary of the birthday of Robert Burns, due recognition will then be taken of that event.

The Sharon Historical Society is deeply grateful for the appreciation shown by its sister societies and many friends, and for the valuable aid and encouragement given. The purpose of the Society to issue a printed annual publication has been warmly commended, and the Society is cheered in continuing this important line of work. To meet the anticipated call for the reprint of Deborah Sampson Gannett's address, the principal article in the present annual, there has been pre-

pared for sale a special edition of the reprint of the address and the secretary's introduction. This forms a thin book bound in calf back and boards, with gilt top and uncut edges, the price of which is seventy-five cents, postage prepaid.

A full program of each quarterly meeting is issued before the meeting, and will be sent to societies and friends who request it. Their attendance on the Sharon meetings would be highly appreciated.

The Sharon Historical Society needs a Home for its records and collections and for a place of meeting for members and visitors. Held in lasting remembrance will be the honored name of that man or woman who so loves Sharon as to build an historical house for the Society.

Friends of Sharon are requested to forward to the officers of the Society any information they acquire concerning the town. Early documents and letters, old newspapers references, and diaries are desired. Information will also be acceptable respecting the former existence of moose, and the origin of the names "Pole Plain" and "Sharon." Accounts are wanted of migrations of Sharon families to Maine 100 years ago and to the west 75 years ago. The exact identification and proof of the birthplace of Deborah Sampson in Plympton, information as to the site of Wainman's Ordinary, memoranda about Jonathan Billings, Rev. Philip Curtis and other forefathers of Sharon, would be gladly received. The corresponding secretary, on request, will furnish suitable sheets prepared for the Scrap Book. While asking the assistance of others, the Sharon society

is willing to respond, as it is able, to inquiries received from others also.

Officers of the Historical Society.

President, JOHN G. PHILLIPS.

Vice-Presidents, SOLOMON TALBOT, WILLIAM R. MANN, D. WEBSTER PETTEE.

Recording Secretary, GEORGE H. WHITTEMORE.

Corresponding Secretary, EUGENE TAPPAN.

Treasurer, ARTHUR D. COLBURN.

Custodian, LORING M. MONK.

Auditor, JOHN A. BOWMAN.

Additional Directors, EDMUND H. HEWINS, TIMOTHY F. QUINN, AMANDA M. EDDY, EMMA A. BAKER.

GIFTS TO THE SOCIETY.

Alvin R. Alden, Sharon. Newspaper clippings.

Francis E. Blake, Boston.

Dorchester Neck.

Lucy Keyes, the lost child of Wachusett Mountain.

Increase Blake.

All written by Mr. Blake.

Mrs. Ellen A. Bond, Sharon. Photographs found in the stump of a tree.

George Ernest Bowman, Boston. *The Mayflower Descendant*, (quarterly) January, 1905.

Abram English Brown, Bedford. Flag of the Minute Men, by Mr. Brown.

William Child, M. D., Bath, N. H. History of 5th N. H. Regiment, by Dr. Child.

Rev. A. R. Crane, D. D., Hebron, Maine. Centennial of Maine Baptist Convention (Allusion to Rev. Oliver Billings, a native of Sharon.)

Alton Crosby, Willmar, Minn. Reprint of *Chronicle*, (Washington) Feb. 8, 1864.

Charles S. Curtis, Sharon. Transactions of Norfolk Agricultural Society, 1850-1861, and old newspapers.

Alfred Morton Cutler, Somerville. Historic Festival in Somerville, 1898.

William R. Cutter, Woburn.

By-laws of Rumford Historical Association.

Dover Historical and Natural History Society, Dover.

Old Home Day in Dover, 1903.

George Francis Dow, Salem. Essex Institute Hist. Collection, July, 1904.

Mrs. Isabelle F. French, Dedham.

Manual on Mulberry tree and Silk culture, by Mrs. French's father, Jonathan Holmes Cobb, formerly of Sharon.

Petition to straighten North Main Street, 1831, with 25 signatures.

George W. Gay Estate, Sharon.

Torch light carried by Mr. Gay in the Lincoln campaign.

Old kitchen utensils. Set of iron skewers.

Old papers and magazines. Godey's Lady's Book, 1841.

National Reader, 1827, marked "Eunice L. Dewing, Sharon, Dec. 20th, 1827."

The Young Orator, 1833.

Mrs. Harriet F. Gray, Walpole. Sermon at ordination of Rev. Jonathan Whitaker in Sharon, Feb. 27, 1799, by Rev. Abiel Holmes of Cambridge.

Charles E. Hall, Sharon. French wall paper of curious workmanship from the old Capen house.

James Hewins, Medfield.

Celebration of 250th anniversary, 1901.

A visit to an early Homestead. A Sunday in the old meeting house. The last two written by William S. Tilden.

Col. Edmund H. Hewins, Sharon. Old psalm tune book.

Don Gleason Hill, Dedham. Old Dedham Days and Ways, 1904.

Mrs. Eliza J. Kempton, Sharon. History of Unitarian church in Nantucket.

Edward M. Lancaster, Boston. A Manual of English History.

Miss Dora M. Leonard, Sharon.

Deed, Thayer to Johnson, 1797, Massapoag iron mine.

Deed, Johnson to Savels, 1808, house lot on road to Massapoag pond.

Deed, Humphrey to Hixson, 1724.

William R. Mann, Sharon. Badge of Medway Old Home Week, 1904.

Medford Historical Society, Medford. *Historical Register*, published quarterly.

Rev. Edmund F. Merriam, D. D., Sharon.

American Baptist Missionary Union, by Dr. Merriam.

Also pamphlets by him, on missionary subjects.

Nantucket Historical Association, Nantucket.

Nantucket Lands and Land Owners.

Proceedings of annual meeting, 1904.

National Shawmut Bank, Boston. 200 year calendar.

New England Historic Genealogical Society. Boston. Librarian's report, 1904.

New York Historical Society, New York. By-laws, etc.

John Noble, Boston. Record of Court of Assistants, 1630-1644.

Miss Mary C. Nye, Marietta, Ohio Brig. Gen. Benjamin Tupper. 2 sketches.

Walter Gilman Page, Boston. Register of Society of Sons of the Revolution, 1903.

John G. Phillips, Sharon.

4 tickets, Providence Street Lottery, 1761.

3 tickets, Providence Great Bridge Lottery, 1790.

James N. Pringle, Sharon. History of United States, by John H. Hinton, 1834. (vol. 1.)

Dr. Loring W. Puffer, Brockton.

Reminiscences of Easton, in *The Parish Visitor*.

Town Records of Bridgewater, entered by John Cary.

Copy of deed from Charles Josiah, Indian Sachem, indorsed, "This deed is not valed nor valebel in law the lawyers say."

Three pence bill, 1778. Old \$3.00 bill of Vermont State Bank.

Receipts given by Capt. Edward Bridge Savell to John Drake, Jr., and Archippus Drake, July 11, 1776, for £3 each, "towards paying soldiers for the present expedition."

Collection of old deeds and legal papers, 1740-1816.

Nathan P. Sanborn, Marblehead.

Gen. John Glover and his Regiment, by Mr. Sanborn.

By-laws of Historical Society of Marblehead, 1899.

Sharon Club, Sharon. Souvenir programs of annual entertainments, 1902-1905.

Rev. Amos N. Somers, Sharon. Photograph of Decatur & Alden's real estate office, Central Square. (1885.)

Somerville Historical Society, Somerville. *Historic Leaves*, Jan. 1904. Quarterly published by the Society.

Miss Elizabeth Tamblyn, Sharon. Old fire shovel.

Eugene Tappan, Sharon.

Suffolk Registers of Probate by John T. Hassam.

Address on 250th anniversary of incorporation of Malden, by Arthur H. Wellman.

"Sharon Collections, No. 1," containing the following pamphlets: Publications of Historical Society, No. 1; History of First Parish, by George Willis Cooke; Translation of Arabic MS, by Sidney A. Weston, Ph. D.; History of Baptist Church in Sharon, by Rev. Lyman Partridge; First Anniversary celebration of Stoughtonham Institute, 1864; Reunion of Pupils of same Institute, 1889; Herbert Spencer, by Rev. John C. Kimball; Last survivor of the Six Hundred, by Blair Irwin (who died in Sharon, Jan. 27, 1904); St. John's Cook Book, recipes by Sharon housewives; Sharon, the healthiest town in New England, by W. B. Wickes, 1884; *The Freak*, a monthly paper edited by Edmund R. Brown, "the youngest editor in America"; The humanitarian side of Religion, by Rev. John C. Kimball; Catalogue of books in Congregational Sunday School, 1899; and miscellaneous circulars.

Roger Tappan, Sjundea, Finland. Finland newspapers.

Gilbert Thompson, Washington, D. C.

Register of the Society of Colonial Wars, D. C., 1904.

Historical Military Powder-Horns.

Some U. S. topographical maps.

Rufus B. Tobey, Boston.

Photograph frame carved by a Boer prisoner at Bermuda.

\$1000, Confederate bond, 1863.

Confederate paper money, 50 cts., \$1.00, \$5.00, \$10.00, \$20.00.

The Gam, whaling stories, by Capt. Charles H. Robbins.

Photograph of Edward Everett Hale, with autograph.

The Man without a Country, by Edward Everett Hale, with autograph.

The Man with the Branded Hand (Prize essay in Harwich high school).

Mrs. Mary F. Randall Washburn, Worcester.

Warrant to tax collector of Sharon, 1832.

Promissory note, 1802, with 2 four-cents revenue stamps.

Warrant to John F. Randall as musician in Capt. Friend Drake's company, 1824.

Two accounts, 1826. John Randall's highway tax, 1801.

Old Newspaper clipping about Roxbury, "There is not a house in the town that is numbered."

Thomas F. Waters, Ipswich.

Hotel Cluny of a New England Village.

An Old Ipswich House.

Thomas Weston, Newton. History of Eliot Church in Newton, by Rev. Joshua W. Wellman.

George H. Whittemore, Sharon.

Independent Chronicle and Universal Advertiser, Boston, May 2, 1777 (newspaper).

Report of Medfield town officers, 1885, with valuation list.

Report of Trustees of Public Reservations, 1891 and 1892.

War Revenue Tax, 1898.

Reports of town of Sharon, 1892.

Memorial day in Canton and Sharon, 1884.

Essay on Man, 1832; Hymns for Infant minds, 1815; Sermons to the rich and studious on Temperance and Exercise, 1772; Faith and Covenant of Baptist Church, 1838; Sunday School Class Book, 1859.

Appraisal of estate of Widow Judith Bullard, 1810.
 Letters of administration on estate of Benjamin Bullard, 1779.
 Woburn Public Library, Woburn. Trustees' Report, 1903.

MEMBERSHIP OF THE SHARON HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Marcellus H. Allen, Dennett bldg.	Lillias C. Davenport, Ames St.
Arthur A. Bailey, Highland St.	Marion A. Davenport, Ames St.
Minnie C. Bailey, Highland St.	Walter H. Delano, Billings St.
Emma A. Baker, Billings St.	Gertrude H. Delano, Billings St.
Abel T. Barnes, Boyden Pl.	Miner R. Deming, Revere.
Charles O. Barnes, Summit Av.	George A. Dennett, North Main St.
Mary E. Barnes, Summit Av.	Elizabeth O. Dennett, North Main St.
Elizabeth M. Billings, Billings St.	Charles T. Derry, South Main St.
Abbie C. Billings, Billings St.	Almira W. Derry, South Main St.
Osmond J. Billings, Billings St.	Daniel DeVoe, Norwood St.
Ella F. Boehm, South Main St.	Lucy W. Dinsmore, South Main St.
Benjamin S. Bolles, Pond St.	Almon J. Dyer, North Main St.
John A. Bowman, Wood St.	Lizzie J. L. Dyer, North Main St.
Winnibel Bowman, Wood St.	Amanda M. Eddy, Billings St.
Frederick V. Brittain, Glendale Rd.	May L. Felt, Maple Av.
Marie Hilda Brittain, Glendale Rd.	Adelaide M. Fernald, North Main St.
Charles F. Bryant, Billings St.	Carrie N. Fernald, North Main St.
Frank E. Burbank, South Pleasant St.	George W. Field, Moose Hill St.
Sarah C. Burbank, South Pleasant St.	Mary Bell Field, Moose Hill St.
W. Winthrop Capen, So. Pleasant St.	Arthur P. Fiske, Pleasant St.
A. Alden Carpenter, Depot St.	Mary Adela Fiske, Pleasant St.
M. Imogene Carpenter, Depot St.	W. Perry Fiske, Summit Av.
Sanford I. Carpenter, Billings St.	George B. Fowler, North Main St.
Erminnie O. Carpenter, Billings St.	Bernice W. Fowler, North Main St.
Harriet M. Chapin, Maskwonicut St.	Robie G. Frye, North Main St.
Calvin G. Coggins, South Main St.	Edward J. Fuller, Viaduct St.
Gertrude M. Cobb, Bay St.	Erastus O. Fuller, Canton St.
Arthur Dwight Colburn, Depot St.	Helen E. Gannett, East St.
Emma P. Colburn, Depot St.	Louis F. Gates, Highland Av.
Floyd C. Coon, Billings St.	N. Newton Glazier, Summit Av.
Guild A. Copeland, Pleasant St.	Joseph Goddard, Viaduct St.
Jennie S. Copeland, Pleasant St.	Faith Goddard, Viaduct St.
Cadwallader Curry, Pleasant St.	Mattie H. Green, Pleasant St.
Charles S. Curtis, Pond St.	Walter A. Griffin, Depot St.
Clara E. Curtis, Pond St.	Charles E. Hall, South Main St.

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| Carrie M. Hall, South Main St. | George R. Mann, East St. |
| Mary A. Hall, South Pleasant St. | William R. Mann, East St. |
| William F. Hall, Sylvan Road. | Julia A. Mann, East St. |
| William L. Haskell, Chestnut St. | Fred W. Mansfield, Belcher St. |
| Agnes P. Haskell, Chestnut St. | Sarah M. Mansfield, Belcher St. |
| G. Ashley Haszard, Station St. | Henry F. Maxwell, Bay St. |
| Edmund D. Hewins, Highland St. | John W. McCanna, Deborah Sampson St. |
| Ora A. Hewins, Highland St. | John D. McLaughlin, North Main St. |
| Edmund H. Hewins, South Main St. | Edmund F. Merriam, North Main St. |
| Kate M. Hewins, South Main St. | Percy R. Middleton, Pond St. |
| Katharine P. Hewins, South Main St. | Dora Middleton, Pond St. |
| Harry M. Hight, Maple Av. | Eliza B. Mills, Pleasant St. |
| Margaret D. Hight, Maple Av. | Loring M. Monk, East St. |
| Arthur S. Hixson, Brook Road. | Laura D. Monk, East St. |
| Florence Hixson, Brook Road. | Rodney E. Monk, East St. |
| C. Augustus Hixson, North Main St. | Susan G. Moody, East St. |
| Mary L. Hixson, North Main St. | Bushrod Morse, Harvard St., Brookline. |
| Edgar M. Hixson, Brook Road. | Velina F. Myrick, Pleasant St. |
| Mary E. Hixson, Brook Road. | Herbert F. Nelson, Maple Av. |
| Theodore W. Hixson, Brook Road. | Cyrus A. Noyes, Cottage St. |
| Mary F. Estey Holbrook, Cottage St. | John O'Brien, East Foxboro St. |
| Albert D. Holmes, Summit Av. | Alvin D. Packard, Walnut St. |
| William B. Holmes, Bay St. | Bernard L. Paine, Highland St. |
| Ellen J. Horace, Arlington. | Carrie L. Perkins, Summit Av. |
| Harriet A. Johnson, Depot St. | D. Webster Pettee, Pleasant St. |
| George Kempton, Pond St. | Myra F. Pettee, Pleasant St. |
| Eliza J. Kempton, Pond St. | John G. Phillips, Pleasant St. |
| John C. Kimball, Greenfield. | Mary W. Phillips, Pleasant St. |
| Charles H. Kittredge, Depot St. | Anna G. Phillips, Pleasant St. |
| Elizabeth F. Kittredge, Depot St. | Mary N. Phillips, Pleasant St. |
| M. P. Woldemar Kreutz, Depot St. | Eugene C. Plimpton, So. Walpole St. |
| George P. Lawrence, 53 Tremont St., Boston. | Helen L. Plimpton, So. Walpole St. |
| James E. Leach, South Pleasant St. | Amelia H. Pollard, Pond St. |
| Lizzie N. Leonard, Summit Av. | Ralph L. Pollard, Depot St. |
| Dora M. Leonard, Depot St. | Bertha M. Pollard, Depot St. |
| H. Frank Leonard, Pond St. | James N. Pringle, Summit Av. |
| Mary J. Leonard, Pond St. | Timothy F. Quinn, South Main St. |
| Marcus E. Lincoln, Pleasant St. | Elizabeth L. Quinn, South Main St. |
| George B. Lockwood, Walnut St. | Benjamin Raynolds, South Main St. |
| Frank P. Long, Cottage St. | Ruth A. Raynolds, South Main St. |
| Carrie A. Long, Cottage St. | E. Gilmore Richards, South Main St. |
| Albert W. Lyon, South Main St. | Gertrude F. W. Richards, So. Main St. |
| John W. Mackintosh, Walnut St. | |

Lydia G. Richards, Stoughton.	Muriel Tappan, South Pleasant St.
Laura A. Sage, Moose Hill St.	Gorham M. Taylor, Chestnut St.
Alfred C. Sampson, Glendale Road.	Willis Thompson, North Main St.
Carrie C. Sampson, Glendale Road.	Minnie Bushee Thompson, N. Main St.
Catherine A. Shedd, Roxbury.	
Horace S. Shepard, Ames St.	L. Robert Tidd, Summit Av.
Anna M. Shepard, Ames St.	Otis S. Tolman, Pond St.
A. T. Smith, Oakland Road.	Elizabeth W. Trafton, N. Main St.
Amos N. Somers, Pond St.	Frank M. Trafton, North Main St.
Mabel Somers, Pond St.	Ida A. Tuck, South Main St.
Silas A. Stone, Billings St.	Alice M. Tuck, South Main St.
Amanda Sussman, South Main St.	Margaret H. Walton, Moose Hill St.
Ezra Otis Swift, P. O. Box 2587, Boston.	Benjamin Welch, South Main St.
Solomon Talbot, Maskwonicut St.	Dora Welch, South Main St.
Edmund H. Talbot, 27 State St., Boston.	Mille Louise West, Summit Av.
F. Adelaide Talbot, Canton.	Sidney A. Weston, Summit Av.
Eugene Tappan, South Pleasant St.	Eliza L. White, Chestnut St.
Crosby Tappan, South Pleasant St.	John F. White, Maple Av.
	George H. Whittemore, Chestnut St.
	Elsie A. Whittemore, Chestnut St.
Total 192.	



